

KINSHIP WITH ROYALTY

YOU MAY BE VERY IMPORTANT WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

Many People are Related to Royalty Who are Not Aware of the Fact.

Duke of Norfolk once, inspired by a general idea, announced his intention of entertaining to dinner all the Howards in existence who were related to him—the Duke, of course, being the head of the Howard family. He set agents to work to seek out his relations, but had to abandon his proposed "little party," when he was assured that something like 20,000 people would have a right to come to it, says Pearson's Weekly.

In the same way, an astonishing number of people might be able to claim kinship, not with mere dukes, but with royalty, if they only knew all about themselves. The heirs of monarchs who have died on their thrones are comparatively easy to trace, and are, roughly speaking, fairly well known.

In this way, for instance, it was no secret that the late Sir William Harcourt was descended from the Plantagenet kings, and several gentlemen who have no other legal designation than "Mr. X" are known to have royal blood in their veins.

This does not apply to kings who have lost their thrones. King Harold, the last Saxon sovereign of England, was the son of Earl Godwin. When he was slain at the battle of Hastings he undoubtedly left children behind him. Some of them fled abroad to escape from William the Conqueror, but others remained in the country, where they sank into poverty and obscurity; but they married and had children. There is at least a chance, therefore, that everyone named Godwin or Godwin is related to a royal family.

THE KING IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

King Richard III., whom we all know as well as the wicked Duke of Gloucester, is popularly believed to have been childless when he fell at Bosworth, but historians hold that there is plausible evidence that he left a son. This son, to escape the death or captivity to which he would have been doomed by the victorious Henry VII., had he been captured, is said to have taken a common name and retired into Somersetshire, where he died as a petty farmer.

The whole story may be a myth; but there is nothing impossible about it, and the descendants of King Richard's namesake son may be numbered amongst ordinary working folk.

All the Clarks have a right, if they like, to think that they may be connected with royalty—albeit, royalty of a somewhat dubious sort. When Dr. Samuel Johnson was doing so much to make Fleet Street famous, there was alive in Europe an adventurer who called himself the Baron Theodore Stephen de Neuhoff. He found his way to Corsica and assisted the Corsicans to get free from the Republic of Genoa, which was ruling the island in a tyrannical manner. In return, they proclaimed him King under the title of Theodore I.

His royalty was brief, however. He had frequent quarrels with the Corsicans, and finally quitted the island. Ultimately he drifted to London, where he kept up a sort of shabby-genteel regal style. But at last he was arrested for debt, and remained in prison for sixteen years. When released he was broken-down and old, and died in the house of a poor tailor.

IRELAND'S MANY MONARCHS.

The King of Corsica had a granddaughter, who married an official in the Custom House, named Clarke. The family became very poor, and all genuine traces of them have been lost. But it is open to any Clarke who pleases to imagine that he is a descendant of the dashing, unlucky Theodore.

A lot of people have claims to belong to a much more distinguished family. Kindly folk still in the land of the living have employed a meek old charwoman, who called herself Miss Pakey, and was glad to earn a shilling in odd ways. Nothing concerning her ancestry could be definitely proved; but there was reason for believing that she was a descendant of Constantine Palaeologus, the last Greek Emperor of Constantinople.

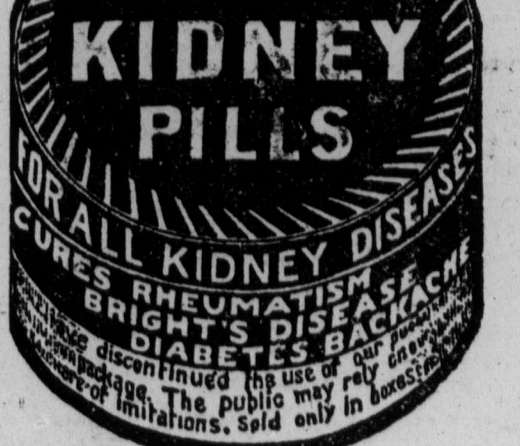
Constantine was killed when the Turks captured his capital in 1453, and his family and relations had to flee for their lives. Some of them came to England, and there are living thousands of his descendants.

There is a general impression that the old royal family of Stuart is extinct. This, however, is a mistake. Stuarts and Stewarts scattered all over Britain can claim kinship with the old royal family.

In ancient days there used to be about a dozen kings reign in Ireland at once—the King of Derry, of Munster, of Connaught, and so on. They are all gone now, but so many of their descendants are alive that practically every Irishman has a right to fancy himself related to royalty if he wants to.

TEMPTATION.

When we see a man strike an attitude, there is always a strong temptation to hit him in return.



DOCTOR'S BIG FEES.

Rich Patients Pay Them Enormous Sums for Their Services.

After the death of Marshall Field, the Chicago Merchant prince, Dr. Frank Billings was paid \$25,000 for services. Dr. Adolph Lorenz, of Vienna, received a few years ago \$30,000 for setting the hip of little Lolita Armour, of Chicago, and in consequence of further allegations his total fees amounted to \$78,000 before he was through with the case.

When the present King Edward of England, then Prince of Wales, was sick several years ago Dr. William Jenner pulled him through after a month's attendance, receiving \$50,000 for the same.

Dr. Sir Morell Mackenzie, who attended the father of the present Emperor of Germany in his last illness, presented a bill for \$100,000 for his services, and this was paid without a murmur.

For vaccinating the Empress Catherine I. at St. Petersburg Dr. Thomas Dimsdale received \$60,000 and an annual pension of \$2,500 for life.

Philadelphia physicians extract large fees from some of their patients. A few years ago Dr. William Pepper charged Robert Simpson \$15,000 for an examination lasting only about a minute. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of the same city, once received as high as \$15,000 from one patient for only a few visits.

A bill of \$100,000 was sent by Dr. Walter C. Browning, of Philadelphia, to the estate of Senator C. L. Magee at Pittsburg, and in the settling up of this estate it was brought out in evidence that Senator Magee once had declared his intention of giving Dr. Browning a fee of \$1,000,000.

For 100 days' attendance upon the late William L. Raney, a millionaire cork manufacturer in Philadelphia, Dr. Samuel T. Barnes rendered a bill of \$33,000.

IN THE HOMES OF FAIR CANADA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Bringing Health to Weak, Despondent People.

There is not a nook or corner in Canada, in the cities, towns, villages and farms where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not been used, and from one end of the country to the other they have brought back to breadwinners, their wives and families the splendid treasure of new health and new strength. You have only to ask your neighbors and they can tell you of some nerve-shattered man, suffering women, ailing youth, or unhappy anemic girl who owe present health and strength to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Their wonderful success is due to the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of the disease in the blood, and by making the vital fluid rich and red strengthen every organ and every nerve, thus driving out disease and pain.

Mr. Joseph Lacombe, Quebec City says: "To-day I weigh about forty pounds more than I did a year ago, and am in every way in much sounder health. For upwards of two years I had been studying hard to pass my examinations and my health had completely given way under the strain. I lost flesh rapidly, my appetite was gone and my nerves were greatly weakened. I was obliged to abandon my studies and was in a state of complete exhaustion. I consulted a physician, but as I was daily growing weaker I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I had often heard very highly spoken of. The beneficial effects were indeed remarkable for I had not used more than a couple of boxes when I could feel an improvement, and hope returned. I continued using the pills for some weeks longer, with the result that my strength increased daily and I was soon able to take over my studies and work with as much energy as I had ever done. To-day I am in perfect health and I attribute my recovery solely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KING EDWARD AS A FARMER.

Horse-Breeding is His Majesty's Particular Pleasure.

King Edward has been an enthusiastic agriculturist for nearly half a century, says a writer in the London Express. For many years his shorthorns, shire horses, thoroughbreds, hackneys and Southdown sheep have been second to none in the kingdom. It might be erroneously supposed that the King wins at the agricultural shows merely because he is King. Farmers, who ought to know, are quick to controvert the idea. The King never shows an animal he has not bred himself, and his cattle win purely on their merits, because they are the best.

Since he came to the throne, affairs of state have prevented his majesty from devoting as much time as he would like to his farming and agricultural interests. He is no longer able to occupy his mornings, as he did when Prince of Wales, sitting in his pleasant business room at Sandringham, receiving and instructing the bailiffs and others concerned in the management of his two thousand-acre farm. But in spite of his multifarious engagements, the King still manages to continue and supervise the breeding of stock. His stockkeepers are enthusiastic in his service, and the result has been that the King is even more successful at the shows now than he was when he was Prince of Wales.

King Edward may well be proud of his remarkable record, particularly if he recalls the condition of the Sandringham farm lands, whence many of these triumphs have come, before he put them into cultivation. A famous agriculturist who inspected the land before King Edward set about transforming it, reported: "It is a very barren soil, barely capable of cultivation." Could he revisit the land to-day, he would indeed be amazed at the revolution which has made Sandringham one of the finest stock-raising farms in the country.

One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. Will last a whole season.

The result of his majesty's labors is summarized by an unimpeachable authority, Mr. Rider Haggard, who says: "It is a wonderful farm, for I imagine that nowhere is so much high-bred stock to be seen upon the same area. At least, in all my extensive journeying throughout the twenty-six counties in England of which I have examined the agriculture, I have not found its equal."

If there is one department of his farming in which King Edward takes particular pleasure it is that of horse-breeding, and he was greatly delighted, therefore, at the achievement of his shire stallion, Premievictor, in winning the first prize in the International Stock Exhibition at Chicago.

The success of the King's shires has been extraordinary. At one sale fifty-four of his horses realized an average of two hundred and twenty-four pounds each.

The King's Southdowns and shorthorns are as famous to-day as they were in the heyday of his active farming when Prince of Wales. Only a few months ago one of his shire-bull-bulls, "Pride of Sandringham," fetched the high price of four hundred guineas. Not that this is a record. One such bull, destined for Argentina, brought no less than a thousand guineas. The Sandringham shorthorns are coveted by breeders everywhere, and picked bulls among them have often been sold for fabulous sums.

King Edward's example and patronage have been of incalculable benefit to agriculture in England. He has always been interested in the work of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he has been president several times, and he is also a patron of the British Dairy Farmers' Association.

MIGHT DO BETTER.

"You have spoiled me," he cried, bitterly. "I will go into the busy world. I will fight and win. My name shall be known, and my riches envied."

"When you have done all that," she interrupted, "try me again."

People who think they are in the earthly saint class will be awfully lame if they ever get to heaven.

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parnelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

HIS REASON.

He—"They say that people who marry soon grow to look alike."

She—"Then you must consider my refusal as final."

A Great Combination. "Parnelee's" best tonic. It should be taken by all invalids, by all who are run down or out of sorts. It builds up, gives new life.

HADI.

It was in Tasmania that a traveller came across an old "sundowner" sitting in front of his cabin, over the door of which was very legibly painted, "Ici on parle francais."

A lathered, deflated-looking Frenchman, who happened to be passing up the road, spied the inscription and, rushing up to the colonial, enthusiastically kissed him on both cheeks.

"Ere, what yer up to?" demanded the sundowner gruffly; "don't do that again."

"But you was a counterman of mine," exclaimed the delighted Frenchman, with a smile of pleasure.

"Certainly not!" retorted the colonial. "But you put 'Ici on parle francais' over ze door," said the Frenchman, pointing to the inscription.

"Well, what do you call it?" asked the sundowner in mild surprise.

"Why, it means 'French' is spoken here."

"Well, I'm bowled!" exclaimed the Tasmanian in deep disgust. "A painter chap came along here the other day, and put up that for me. He said it was Latin for 'God bless my home.'"

AWFUL.

Facelious Customer—"Walter, I believe this meat came off a horse."

Walter—"What makes you think so, sir?"

F. C.—"Because when I was eating it I found a bit in my mouth!"

"When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forewarned he can successfully fight the ailment—and subdue it."

A LIMITED LUXURY.

Two Irishmen were discussing the phenomenon of sleep. Said one, "O'erhear as wan as them poetry lads calls it 'bald nature's harsh-shrover'."

"Yis," assented the other; "shilape's a grand luxury. It's a pity a man can't kape awake long enough to enjoy it. Just when he's thinkin' that a foine long shnooze he'll be havin, begorra, it's 'narrin'!"

Another—"Now, Charlie, you must be a very good boy. You have a nice new brother. Aren't you pleased?" Eight-year-old Charlie—"Oh, I don't know. It's always the way; just as I'm gettin' on in the world, competition begins."

WHISTLING PIGEONS.

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon that is seldom silenced in the Canton. The haunted cities of Pekin and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon flyers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of valuable racing carriers, claiming that the shrill noise is a sure protection against hawks and other birds of prey. As a similar protection, roods, emitting an odd wailing sound, are fixed to the tail feathers of the despatch bearing pigeons of the German army.

A girl's idea of a glad hand is one with a solitaire on it.

"MERRY WIDOW" IN MILAN.

Monster Hats Set the Olympia Audience in Uproar.

The vexed question of ladies' hats in the stalls of theatres has been solved in Rome and other Italian centres by special prohibition of the Prefecture. The Prefect of Milan, however, has declined to interfere, so that the managers have had to content themselves with posting up appeals to lady patrons, which have been generally disregarded, except at the Scala Opera House and three other first-class theatres.

At the Olympia Comedy Theatre—a much-frequented middle class resort where lively scenes of protest have often occurred of late—there has again been an angry demonstration. Groups of women wearing monster "picture" hats occupied the front seats, wholly blocking the view of those in their rear. The majority of these women obstinately refused to comply with the request of the staff that they would remove their headwear. Municipal Guards also intervened, but as they had no authority to touch the patrons' possessions reached a deadlock.

The vast audience meanwhile drowned the voices of the players every time they attempted to begin. The demonstration was kept up for an hour and a half, with free fights interspersed until the last of the offending women had either removed her hat, had it whisked off for her, or had prudently withdrawn. When the play finally began it was 10 o'clock.

The famous Italian comedian, Virginia Talli, announced that the Prefect had promised to intervene in the controversy.

A SINGULAR CONTEST.

Have you made a start collecting bottles of ORANGE MEAT packages? The ORANGE MEAT people are offering FIFTY-TWO DOLLARS a year FOR LIFE, besides several other large cash prizes, to winners in their competition.

If you wish to compete send in your name and address to ORANGE MEAT, Kingston, at once. They will forward full particulars and enter your name on the list of competitors.

Commence saving the bottoms of packages and write for particulars TO-DAY. ORANGE MEAT is made of the whole wheat, thoroughly steam-cooked, adding Malt, Sugar and Salt, then flaked and toasted.

It is an Ellixir of Life.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Ellixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an Ellixir, before which pain cannot exist. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

"Our friend Mrs. Hines has gone crazy on the subject of germs," remarked a lady to her neighbor, "she sterilizes or filters everything in the house." "How does she get along with her family?" "Well, I can assure you that even her relations are strained!"

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Tody—"Jennie tells me young Woodworth proposed to her last night." "Viola—" "I don't think I know him. Is he well off?" "Tody—" "He certainly is. She refused him."

Many Thanks are due from the proprietors of Weaver's Ointment to friends who have written to tell the Ointment's good word in curing scrofulous humors, scald head and other skin diseases.

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